

TREASURE CHEST

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DRAGON MOUNTAIN

By ALBERT J. HEVINS, M.M.

CHAPTER 6

FOLLOWING THE BOMBING OF THE COMMUNIST BASE, BILL AND AH CHING ESCAPED IN A SMALL PLANE.



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TREASURE CHEST



CALLING HEADQUARTERS!
CALLING HEADQUARTERS!



AT A 'GOVERNMENT' BASE

HEADQUARTERS. GO AHEAD.



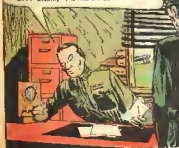
ENEMY OBSERVATION PLANE, SECTOR
SIX. APPROACHING BIG DRAGON
RIVER, SOUTH.

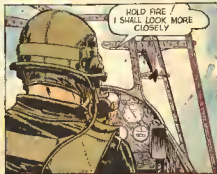
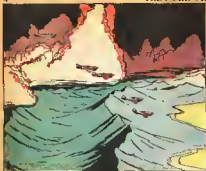


TAKE MESSAGE TO MAJOR
LIM AT ONCE.



EAGLE SQUADRON! PREPARE TO TAKE
OFF. ENEMY PLANE IN SECTOR SIX!

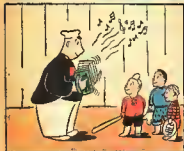




TREASURE CHEST



OTTO



The Taming of Capitan Media-Noche

by VICTOR ROSE HIGGINS

(TRANSLATED BY CAPITAN MEDIA-NOCHE)

LONG AGO, IN MEXICO, IN THE HOME
OF DON ANTONIO DE CARVALAL --

A Mexican Story

from

An Ancient Book
"Estrella del Norte"

(STAR OF THE NORTH)

Written in 1689

by

Francisco Flores

S.J.

OH FATHER,
WHEN AM I TO RIDE
MY NEW HORSE,
CAPITAN MEDIA-
NOCHE?

TOMORROW, ANTONIO, I
SHALL TAKE YOU WITH ME
TO TOLLANTZINGO,
WHERE AFFAIRS
OF STATE ARE
CALLING ME.

A BEAUTY!
WHAT SAY
YOU, PEDRO,
TO MY NEW
HORSE?

AYE, A BEAUTY,
YOUNG MASTER,
BUT TRICKY! HE
NEEDS A FIRM
HAND ON THE
BRIDLE.

TOMORROW, ANTONIO,
YOU WILL PASS THE
CHURCH OF OUR
LADY OF GUADALUPE.

TRULY, MOTHER?
THEN I SHALL
ASK FATHER
TO LET ME
VISIT IT.

EARLY NEXT MORNING THE TRAVELERS SET OUT.

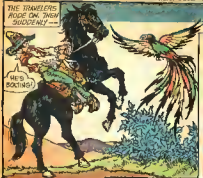
KEEP A TIGHT REIN ON THE
BRIDLE, MY SON, CAPITAN
MEDIA-NOCHE HAS A
STUBBORN MOUTH.

YONDER IS THE
CHURCH OF OUR
LADY OF GUADALUPE.
LET US VISIT THE
SACRED SHRINE.

I BESEECH THEE, HELP ME,
IF I EVER CALL UPON THEE
IN GREAT DANGER!

THE TRAVELERS
RODE ON, THEN
SUDDENLY—

HE'S
BOXTING!

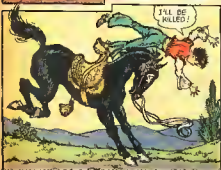


BUT CAPTAIN MEDIA-NOCHE
WAS BEYOND CONTROL

FATHER!
FATHER!



I'LL BE
KILLED!



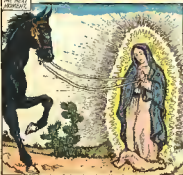
HELP ME,
OUR LADY OF
GUADALUPE,
HELP ME!



AND SUDDENLY,
THERE APPEARED
ON THE ROAD...



THE NEXT
MOMENT



CAPTAIN MEDIA-NOCHE SEEMED TRYING TO KISS THE EARTH, WHERE THE RADIANT FIGURE HAD STOOD BUT A MOMENT BEFORE.



SEE, FATHER! NOT A SCRATCH ON ME! BUT CAPTAIN MEDIA-NOCHE IS ASKING FORGIVENESS.

THIS DAY, AND ALL MY DAYS, I WILL DO HONOR TO OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE.



POOR CAPTAIN MEDIA-NOCHE! YOU ARE TRULY PENITENT, AND I AM FILLED WITH GRATITUDE TO OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE.



FATHER! OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE SAVED ME!

OH, MY SON! MY SON! ARE YOU STILL ALIVE?



YOUR VOTIVE OFFERING OF SILVER IS DONE, YOUNG MASTER, JUST AS YOUR FATHER ORDERED IT. NEVER HAVE I MADE A FINER PIECE.

TOMORROW, I SHALL TAKE IT TO OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE. SHE SAVED MY LIFE.



NO HORSE COULD BE GENTLER THAN HE IS NOW, YOUNG MASTER.

YES, PEDRO. SO WE'LL CHANGE THE SIGN ON HIS STALL TO CAPTAIN LIFE DEL SOL.



LUZ DEL SOL = GUADALUPE.

GIFTS TO MAKE



CURTAIN PULL

"A" AND "B" ARE DESIGNS FOR CURTAIN PULLS. SIZE "A" IS 1 1/2" HIGH. OR MAKE "B" FROM 1 1/2" OF CARBONED RIBBON "C" ON ONE SIDE, AND TRIMMED "D" ON THE OTHER. THE BEST COLOR OF CARBON RIBBON THAT YOU HAVE CAN BE USED. A BROWN RIBBON WILL MATCH THIS TO THE BROWN BROWN A BROWN RIBBON.



BOOKMARKS

"A" IS A DESIGN FOR A BOOKMARK. DESIGN "B" IS 1 1/2" HIGH. MAKE PINK, PINKED RIBBON. COLOR OF CARBON RIBBON CAN BE USED. THE BEST COLOR OF CARBON RIBBON THAT YOU HAVE CAN BE USED. A BROWN RIBBON WILL MATCH THIS TO THE BROWN BROWN A BROWN RIBBON.



FOR MOTHER'S DAY



PICTURE FRAME.
CUT OUT FROM 1 1/2" x 1 1/2" OF CARBONED RIBBON. CUT OUT FROM 1 1/2" x 1 1/2" OF CARBONED RIBBON. CUT OUT FROM 1 1/2" x 1 1/2" OF CARBONED RIBBON.

CUT OUT FROM 1 1/2" x 1 1/2" OF CARBONED RIBBON. CUT OUT FROM 1 1/2" x 1 1/2" OF CARBONED RIBBON. CUT OUT FROM 1 1/2" x 1 1/2" OF CARBONED RIBBON.



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LETTER TO MOTHER :



REMEMBER, THIS IS THE BEST A GIRL CAN DO FOR HER MOTHER. IT IS THE BEST A GIRL CAN DO FOR HER MOTHER. IT IS THE BEST A GIRL CAN DO FOR HER MOTHER.



BASEBALL

AND HOW TO PLAY IT



COACH BOB BLAKE

TIPS ON CATCHING



THERE ARE TWO OUT.
THE SCORE IS TIED
AT 2 ALL. IT IS THE
LAST OF THE NINTH,
BOYS' CLUB
AND THE PITCHER HAS JUST THROWN
5 BALLS IN A ROW.

COME ON, BILL,
LET'S GO! DON'T
WALK THE BATTER!

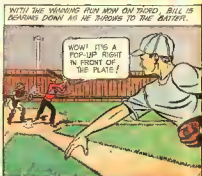
I'LL TRY
NOT TO,
BOB.

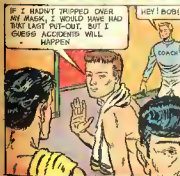
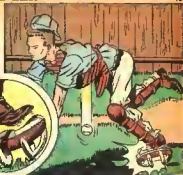


BALL FOUR!
TAKE YOUR BASE!









BOB, SOME SO-CALLED ACCIDENTS CAN BE PREVENTED. COME INTO MY OFFICE AFTER YOU'VE SHOWERED, AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN!

LATER, IN THE COACH'S OFFICE

ON A TEAM BOB, CATCHING IS A TOUGH AND VERY IMPORTANT JOB. BUT DOING THE JOB CORRECTLY, MAKES IT MUCH EASIER.



THE CATCHER'S STANCE



SPREAD YOUR FEET COMFORTABLY, BEND YOUR KNEES, AND LEAN FORWARD. PUT YOUR WEIGHT ON THE BALLS OF YOUR FEET. FROM THIS POSITION, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SHIFT YOUR BODY FOR ANY THROW. YOUR AIM SHOULD BE TO CATCH ALL THROWS IN THE MIDDLE OF YOUR BODY.



USE YOUR GLOVE AS A TARGET FOR THE PITCHER.

PROTECT YOUR FINGERS FROM INJURY.



KEEP THE FINGERS ON THE RIGHT HAND TOGETHER, OR IN A CLENCHED POSITION.

A. ON CATCHES ABOVE THE WAIST, THE FINGERS ARE POINTED UP.



B. ON CATCHES BELOW THE WAIST, FINGERS ARE DOWN.



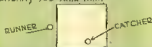
NEVER SPREAD YOUR FINGERS, OR POINT THEM TOWARD THE ONCOMING BALL.

THE THROW TO SECOND

POCK THE BALL IN BACK OF YOUR EAR, STEP TOWARD SECOND WITH YOUR LEFT FOOT, AND THROW OVERHAND.



IF A RUNNER HAS A BIG LEAD OFF SECOND, RUN OUT A FEW STEPS TOWARD HIM. THE RUNNER WILL THEN HAVE TO GO EITHER BACK TO SECOND, OR ON TO THIRD. WHEN HE MAKES HIS BREAK, YOU NAIL HIM.



GET THE THROW OFF FAST!

ON FOUL POP-UPS, REMOVE YOUR MASK, LOCATE THE BALL, THEN FLING YOUR MASK IN THE DIRECTION OPPOSITE THE BALL. THIS WILL PREVENT TRIPPING OVER YOUR MASK.

The BIRD WOMAN

SACAJAWEA (SĀ-KĀ-JĀ-WĒ-Ā)

AND THE ROLE SHE PLAYED IN THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION

BY JENNIFER M. LAWRENCE

PART 1

IN 1804, AT A VILLAGE OF THE MANDAN INDIANS, LIVED SACAJAWEA, AN EXILE FROM HER HOME WEST OF THE ROCKIES. THE MINNETAREES, WHO HAD CAPTURED HER IN WARFARE AND BROUGHT HER TO THEIR FRIENDS, THE MANDANS, TREATED HER KINDLY. SHE HAD MARRIED A FRENCHMAN, TOUSSAINT CHARBONNEAU, BUT HER GREAT DESIRE WAS TO SEE HER SHOSHONE PEOPLE AGAIN.

ONE DAY THERE WAS GREAT COMMOTION AT THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

THE WHITE MEN BRING A LARGE GUN!

WAIT UNTIL THEY LAND BLACK CLOUD. MAYBE THEIR MISSION IS GOOD.

WHEN THE BOATS REACHED SHORE--

I AM CAPTAIN WILLIAM CLARK. THIS IS MERIWETHER LEWIS. WE WISH TO SEE YOUR CHIEF.

MY HUSBAND WILL TELL ME WHAT THEY SAY TO OUR CHIEF.

LEWIS AND CLARK MET THE CHIEF IN COUNCIL.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON, OUR GREAT FATHER, BADE US SEEK YOUR AID IN FINDING A ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC.

SINCE YOU CAME IN PEACE, WE WANT TO HELP YOU.

HAVING LEARNED OF THEIR PURPOSE SACAJAWEA'S HUSBAND CHARBONNEAU OFFERED TO ACCOMPANY LEWIS AND CLARK AS INTERPRETER.

...AND MY WIFE KNOWS THE COUNTRY AND THE INDIAN CUSTOMS WELL. HER HOME LIES OVER THE ROCKIES.

ASK YOUR WIFE IF SHE WILL COME, TOO.

A FEW HOURS LATER--

IT IS ALL TRUE, SACAIAWEA.

AT LAST I SHALL RETURN TO MY PEOPLE!

AFTER SACAIAWEA HAD MET LEWIS AND CLARK

AND THAT IS THE STORY OF MY CAPTURE. MY FATHER WAS KILLED BEFORE MY EYES. MY BROTHER ESCAPED, BUT I NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN.

LEWIS AND CLARK STAYED AT MANDAN FOR THE WINTER. WHEN SPRING CAME ON, AND THE ICE IN THE RIVER BEGAN TO MELT, THEY PREPARED TWO PIROGUES AND SIX CANOES FOR THE EXPEDITION.

ON APRIL 7, 1805, A PARTY CHIEF, INCLUDING SACAIAWEA AND HER LITTLE SON, SET OUT FROM MANDAN.

I THINK THIS IS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE, SACAIAWEA.

END OF MINE, CHIEF RED HAIR!

MANY ADVENTURES AWAITED SACAIAWEA. ALTHOUGH THE COMPANY TRAVELED BY WATER, SOME OF THE MEN WENT ON FOOT TO OBSERVE ANIMAL AND PLANT LIFE ON SHORE. BRATTON, ONE OF THE GROUP, SET OUT BY HIMSELF, AND--

EITHER THIS GRIZZLY GOES BACK TO THE BOAT WITH ME, OR I WON'T GET BACK AT ALL!

THOUGH SHOT IN THE LUNG, THE BEAR LEAPED FORWARD IN PURSUIT OF BRATTON.

BRATTON REACHED THE BOAT SAFELY, SCARCELY ABLE TO CATCH HIS BREATH.

A...A...GRIZZLY! I WOUNDED HIM!

THE BEARS IN THESE PARTS ARE VERY DANGEROUS! SOMEONE MUST KILL THIS BEAR.

LEWIS TOOK SEVEN MEN WITH HIM TO TRACK DOWN THE BEAR.



THIS WILL DO IT.

HAVING KILLED THE BEAR, THE PARTY SAILED ON SAFELY, STOPPING TO BREAKFAST EGGS



WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SACAIAWEA?

I'M LOOKING FOR ARTICHOKES FOR OUR DINNER. GOPHERS STORE THEM IN HOLES.

SACAIAWEA'S RESOURCEFULNESS WAS NOT LIMITED TO COOKING. ONE DAY A SQUALL HIT HER PROW.



THE BOAT IS TURNING OVER. OUR SUPPLIES WILL BE LOST!

THE MEDICINES AND SUPPLIES MIGHT HAVE BEEN LOST, HAD NOT SACAIAWEA SAVED THEM.



AFTER THE STORM, THE SUPPLIES DRIED QUICKLY.



HOW CAN WE THANK YOU, SACAIAWEA?

YOUR KINDNESS IS THANKS ENOUGH, WHITE CHIEF.

THEY SAILED FOR DAYS, FROM WHAT IS NOW NORTH DAKOTA ON TO MONTANA. ON MAY 26, 1805 --



LOOK AT THOSE PEAKS!

THEY MUST BE THE ROCKIES!

THEY ARE THE ROCKIES! WE ARE DRAWING NEARER AND NEARER MY HOME!

PARTY STUNT

ANNOUNCE THAT YOU HAVE UNUSUAL DETECTIVE POWERS, THEN MYSTIFY YOUR GUESTS WITH THIS STUNT. AFTER YOU LEAVE THE ROOM, THE GUESTS AGREE ON A NUMBER FROM 1 TO 10. WHEN YOU RETURN, THEY WILL EXPECT YOU TO KNOW THE NUMBER. TELL THEM YOU NEED "A GOOD THINKER TO HELP YOU." STAND BEHIND THE THINKER AND COVER HIS EARS WITH YOUR HANDS SO HE CAN CONCENTRATE WITHOUT NOISE. THE GUESTS WATCH THE THINKER CAREFULLY, AND YOU ANNOUNCE THE CORRECT NUMBER. HOW IS IT DONE?

BETTY BUYS A BOND.

EVERY DAY, FOR 200 DAYS, BETTY PUT A COIN IN HER PIGGY BANK. THEN SHE OPENED IT AND FOUND EXACTLY 610. HALF OF THE 440 WAS IN NICKELS, WHAT WERE THE OTHER COINS, AND HOW MANY WERE THERE OF EACH?



WORD JUGGLING

THESE SIX WORDS LEND THEMSELVES TO JUGGLING. HOW MANY WORDS CAN YOU SHAKE OUT? ALLOW YOURSELF A TOTAL OF 20 MINUTES. IF YOU FIND 10 WORDS IN NONE, YOU RATE "EXCELLENT," 17 TO 19 RATES "VERY GOOD," 13 TO 15, "GOOD," 9 TO 12, "FAIR."

1. TEARS
2. MATS
3. TEALS
4. RESIN
5. TSAR
6. MASES

BRAIN TEASERS

DRAWING LESSON

EACH OF THESE FIGURES CAN BE DRAWN WITHOUT REMOVING THE PENCIL FROM THE PAPER UNTIL COMPLETED, AND WITHOUT CROSSING ANY LINES, OR GOING OVER A LINE TWICE. IT'S FUN TO TRY!



JOHNNY WANTS TWO SOCKS!

IN THE TOP DRAWER OF JOHNNY'S DRESSER ARE 14 BLACK SOCKS AND 12 BROWN SOCKS.

IT IS TOO DARK IN JOHNNY'S ROOM TO SEE COLORS. WHAT IS THE LEAST NUMBER OF SOCKS HE MUST TAKE OUT IN ORDER TO BE CERTAIN OF HAVING ONE MATCHING PAIR?



HUFF AND PUFF

"I CAN BLOW THAT BOOK OVER!" BOASTED BILL TO JIM. THE BOOK, STANDING ON ONE END, WAS RATHER HEAVY. JIM TRIED. HE HUFFED AND PUFFED, BUT THE BOOK WOULDN'T BUDGE. JIM DIDN'T KNOW THE TRICK! IT CAN BE DONE. CAN YOU DO IT?

CHUCK WHITE

PART
24

CHUCK, HAVING PUT SUTHERLAND ON THE TRAIL OF THE MISSING MILLER, WAS RELEASED. MEANWHILE, HIS FATHER TRIED TO REMEMBER WHERE HE HAD SEEN THE RACKETEER'S FACE BEFORE.

HERE COMES THE
CLEAN-UP HITTER!



A BEAUTY!

STRIKE
ONE!



WHAT'S THE
MATTER, CHUCK? YOU'LL
NEVER SEE A BETTER PITCH.



STRIKE
TWO!



MAN, YOU
SURE MISSED THAT ONE!
WHERE'S YOUR EYE?

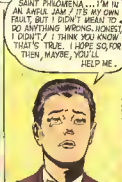


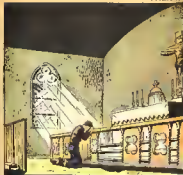
STRIKE THREE!
YOU'RE OUT!



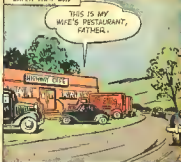








LATER THAT DAY



THIS IS MY
WIFE'S RESTAURANT,
FATHER.



I DON'T SEE
MY...



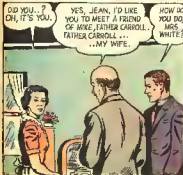
THERE,
SHE IS!

WHAT WILL
YOU GENTLEMEN
HAVE?



JUST SOME COFFEE,
PLEASE, AND WILL YOU
PLEASE ASK MRS WHITE
TO STEP OVER HERE
FOR A MINUTE?

I'LL
ASK
HER.



DID YOU...?
OH, IT'S YOU.

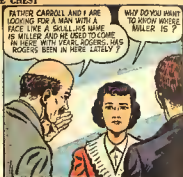
YES, JEAN, I'D LIKE
YOU TO MEET A FRIEND
OF MIKE, FATHER CARROLL.
FATHER CARROLL ...
...MY WIFE.

HOW DO
YOU DO,
MRS
WHITE?

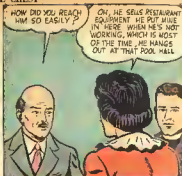


I'M BUSY. WHAT,
DO YOU WANT?

ER, I WANTED TO..
THAT IS







The Ghost Bell

by
ANN WING

PART 3



WHAT HAS GONE BY GONE. Old Pablo, the chuck-wagon cook, told "Cyclone" Al McBride, Little Mac, Jerome Woods, and Angelino Lopez the story of the masson bell of San Juan de la Laguna, New Mexico. It had mysteriously disappeared. Now, a century later, Angelino told the boys this, according to legend, Our Lady of Guadalupe had appeared to a humble boy, and how he and his grandfather, at Our Lady's bidding, had carried the bell away. Neither they nor the bell was seen again, but on clear, windy nights, a tolling bell could still be heard in the Sierrita hills. One night, Cyclone and Angelino heard it, and the four boys, on horseback, determined to find the bell. Night and a cloudburst overtook them in their search. At a mission shack, a huge man, with red hair and a gruff voice, gave them shelter. Holstered pistols, hanging from the cartridge belts of their unkempt host and his two rough companions, aroused the boys' suspicion and fear, but they stretched out on their bedsrolls and were soon asleep. Next morning, the boys discovered that the three men had disappeared—and so had Angelino.

PART III

CYCLONE dashed out of the back door of the shack. "Angelito! Angelito!" he yelled at the top of his voice.

"Cyclone! Come here! Hurry! Hurry!" Before Cyclone could answer, Angelito, waving his arms frantically, came scuttling out of the lean-to shed, like a bright-feathered road-runner streaking in front of an automobile. "They're gone! They're gone!" he shouted. "Our ponies are gone! Los caballos!"

Cyclone joined him quickly. The shed was as empty as a dried-out pecan shell. Together, the two boys searched the ground for some sign of tracks, but the ponies had evidently

been taken away during the storm, for the ground was washed clean of any marks.

"They—those three men—stole our ponies," said Cyclone bitterly. "Weren't we dumb? They took them. It couldn't have been anyone else."

"Sí, sí," agreed Angelito. "Ladrones! Thieves!"

"We'll have to tell Little Mac and Jerome," said Cyclone. They both drew long breaths and started back to the shack.

"Goat! Goat!" The distant call floated up from the ravine. The boys ran to the back of the shanty. Clambering up the bank was an old man, driving a flock of goats before him. He flicked the stragglers with a long switch, while a dog, with a mop-like coat of hair, nipped gently at their flanks.

"¡Hola! Cabrero!" called Angelito, cupping his hands to his mouth. "Hello, goatherd!" The old man looked up and waved his switch at them. "Hello, boys!" They scampered down to him. Here was someone they could trust—a familiar Mexican goatherd. Almost before they reached his side, Angelito launched into a flood of Spanish, telling the old man what had happened.

"Now, what are we going to do without our horses?" asked Cyclone when Angelito had finished.

"You say one was a big man with bright hair. He looked like a giant with his head on fire, maybe?"

"Yes, yes! That's the one!" cried Cyclone eagerly.

And he has two others with him—black like a pair of crows?"

"Sí! Sí, señor cabrero!"

"Then they were the bandits," said the goat-herd firmly. "His name—the flaming one—I saw it under his picture in the post office in Las Palomas last month. um. . . Red Baker, that's it! He and the others—they rob something." The old man blinked.

"Come with me," invited the goatherd. "You can't go hunting for *bandidos* without something warm in your stomachs. If there is anything left in my little house, we shall have breakfast. Come."

Cyclone and Angelito followed the goatherd and his flock to the shack. While Angelito helped the old man settle his goats in the shed, Cyclone woke Little Mac and Jerome, and told them about the horses. Then, over sweet buns and big mugs of coffee with milk, the boys told Bebo, the goatherd, about their hunt for the bell.

"The best thing for you to do," advised Bebo, when they had finished breakfast and were strapping their bedrolls to their shoulders, "is to take the cross-cut through the ravine to the nearest village, Las Palomas. Tell the sheriff there your story. The bell can wait for another time."

He led them out of the little shanty, across the rain-filled ravine, and showed them the way to go. "When the sun is straight overhead, you will be in Las Palomas," he said. "But take care you don't go astray. Don't cross the ravine again until you get to the Red Lizard, a rock, red as a summer sunset, that juts out from the hillside at the top of a bend. You can't miss it."

"Gracias! Many thanks." The boys gratefully shook his hand in turn.

"It is nothing. *Vaya con Dios*, go with God!" he called after them.

They set out briskly. The ravine ran between two hills down to the broad plain below. Higher and higher they climbed.

"Hey!" cried Cyclone suddenly. "Isn't that the Red Lizard?" He wagged an arm at a tall outcropping of stone, around which the trail curved.

"Must be," agreed Jerome. "It's red as a cardinal and looks something like a lizard."

"But look!" piped Little Mac. "Look at the rocks and trees! They're blocking the way!"

With dismay, the four boys viewed the results of the storm. A great, gnarled oak had

been uprooted. It had fallen down, bringing with it an avalanche of earth and stones. The trail was completely blocked. To the left, the walls of the ravine dipped sharply. To the right, rose the steep hill, and before them, were the piles of rocks and earth.

"We'll have to climb the hill," said Jerome. "That will be better than trying to slide down into the gulch."

The others agreed. They started up the hill and soon gained a ledge where the roots of a tree had left a huge hole. As they stood at the edge, looking down into it, they heard a gentle mewling sound.

"Listen," said Angelito, cocking an ear.

"Sounds like kittens," said Jerome.

Little Mac jumped across the hole and began to search. As he struggled through the clumps of cactus and brush, the mewling became louder and louder.

"Wait! Mac, wait!" Cyclone cried. But little Mac paid no attention.

"Come on," said Jerome.

The others followed Little Mac, as he stumbled and lurched toward the Red Lizard. They stopped suddenly just in front of it. When the big oak behind them had been torn out of the ground, its deep roots had opened cracks in the red sandstone. Now the four boys gazed in amazement. They found themselves staring straight into a narrow opening in Red Lizard rock. The mewling was coming from inside.

Little Mac, before Cyclone could stop him, ducked his head and disappeared into the huge boulder. One by one, the others slid after him through the crevice, to find themselves in a room, facing a small, round opening near the ground on the opposite side. In the center of the cave rolled two yellow balls of fur.



"Might have known!" exclaimed Cyclone. "Bob-cats!"

"Oh, boy!" cried Jerome. "I've always wanted a bob-cat!"

"You can't tame them," warned Cyclone.

"Pablo had a kitten once and it was tame until it was grown. Then it began to get wild," said Angelito. "But we'd better watch out. The mother is here somewhere. She'll go for us, if she finds us near her kittens."

The boys turned their heads. At the back of the cave was a tremendous fireplace with a big projecting hood. On the ground before it, lay an overturned anvil and tools were scattered about.

"It's an old forge," explained Angelito. "A blacksmith's forge." He rushed to the fireplace and picked up a pair of bellows. The leather crumbled to dust in his fingers.

"This place must be hundreds of years old," said Cyclone, "buried all these years by earth washing down off the hill. Trees and brush grew up and covered the entrances."

"Wonder where the chimney led?" said Little Mac. He climbed on the forge and peered up under the hood. "Can't see a thing. It's black as ink." He paused. "Angelito, come here a minute."

Angelito put down the hammer he was befting and ran over to Little Mac. He, too, squinted upward as Jerome and Cyclone



crowded after him. "There's something up there," he declared after a moment.

"Boost me up," ordered Cyclone. He stood on the forge while the other three took a firm

grip on his legs and raised him into the chimney.

Groping above his head, his hands suddenly encountered an enormous, cold, metal object. As he touched it, it gave easily and began to swing back and forth. Instantly, the cave was filled with the loud clang of a bell!

"The bell! It's the bell!" shouted Angelito, excitedly, his black eyes sparkling. "The old blacksmith and his grandson hid it here. And we've found it!"

"You're right! It is the old mission bell!" cried Cyclone.

"Suppose it is, how are we going to get it out of here?" asked Little Mac.

"That's easy. We'll go straight to Las Pomas and get help," replied Cyclone.

"It's only a mile or so farther, according to old Bobo," said Jerome.

The boys hastily snatched up their bedrolls, and made for the opening opposite the one by which they had entered. It was just large enough for a boy to crawl through easily to reach the trail on the other side of Red Lizard. Cyclone went out first, but he had no sooner stuck his head through the hole, than he drew back with a cry, as though he had been bitten. "Get back! Get back!" he yelled. "It's the mother wild cat!"

The boys fell back in a tangle of arms and legs. Snarling, growling and spitting, the angry mother cat advanced on them through the hole. They scurried like rabbits for the exit on the other side of the cave, with Cyclone now bringing up the rear. As he tried to ease through the crevice after the others, he found himself being pushed into the cave again.

"Whoa!" he cried in sudden panic. "What's the idea?"

"Out of my way, you little rats!" a familiar, rough voice said from outside.

The boys backed slowly and fearfully into the cave. After them, pistol in hand, came the red-haired giant of the night before—big Red Baker.

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